

at that time one of the most popular Southern sympathizers. He was a man of fine presence, good business qualifications, courteous and amiable to a degree. He was trusted by all, and he acted as banker for nearly every Southerner who came his way. Halifax was then the center of large Confederate interests. Several Confederate war steamers were there, among them the *Chickamauga* and the *Tallahassee*. It was the rendezvous of blockade-runners who had escaped from confinement or who had been discharged after several months detention by the Federals. Keith was attentive to all of them. When the war ended he suddenly disappeared with the cash entrusted to him.

Several years after, there was a great explosion upon the deck of a German mail steamer which produced a sensation throughout the entire world. An infernal machine, intended to wreck the *Moselle*, had prematurely exploded on the quay and killed and maimed a large number of persons, among whom was the shipper, under an assumed name. This man, mortally wounded, was eagerly questioned by the police as to his diabolical plans and accomplices; the only clue they obtained from his incoherent ravings was an intimation that he had been in some way connected with the Confederacy, and strangely enough he said something about Captain Maffitt and my ship, the *Lilian*. The authorities took photographs of him, which were imperfect because of the reclining position of the dying man. Further investigation after his death revealed one of the most fiendish plots in commercial history: large shipments of bogus goods had been made by the steamer, and heavily insured by this stranger, who had designed an infernal machine intended, it was said, to explode three days after the sailing of the steamer, and sink her with all on board. For many months the secret service detectives were working on this case; at length one of them came to Wilmington and questioned me about the man whose picture was exhibited. Neither I nor any of the pilots at Smithville could identify him, although his face was strangely familiar to me. The detective went away, but returned in a few days and asked me if I had known a man named Keith. "Keith?" I at once replied, "and he was the author of this